

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS, CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 22 — VOL. X/11

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, JUNE 1 1865.

NO. 856.

PERIANDEE OF CORINTH, OR REVENGE;

A TALE.

Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.
(CONTINUED.)

MELISSA had loved him more than all her children. While on the journey he thought only of her, her virtues, her death, her murderer, his father; and a dreadful anguish pierced his generous soul. Nature had bestowed on him strength of mind and dignity of soul, and the example of Procles had rendered his sentiments and manners great and noble. He was the image of his father, but only in his finest features. His brother, a feeble and vain youth, had neither mind nor heart.

When they arrived at Corinth, Periandee, who had heard many travellers enthusiastically commendations of the noble spirit and greatness of soul of Lycophon, hastened with the joy of a father to meet his two sons. While yet at a distance he easily recognized the younger, by his heroic figure, his noble air, and elevated look. Periandee threw himself into his arms; but Lycophon stood silent before him, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"My noble Lycophon!" said the father, and offered to embrace him, but his son shrunk back as if seized with terror, and was silent; nor did he even answer the question—"Wilt thou not salute thy father?"

With eyes fixed on the ground Lycophon walked by the side of Periandee into the city. His sister, who came to meet him, embraced him, saying, "how unfortunate are we!" His father now clasped him with emotion to his breast, but the youth stood cold and silent in his arms, without raising his eyes.

Confused and irritated, Periandee left his son with a foreboding of misfortune in his mind. Lycophon went to the grave of his mother, and throwing himself on it, lay there a long time, shedding tears with the most violent agitation. His father was moved, went to him at the grave of Melissa, and again offered to embrace him. But Lycophon drew back with an exclamation of abhorrence, pointed silently to the grave and departed.

Three days the son continued at the house of his father without speaking a word. Periandee made every effort to reconcile him to him; but Lycophon never looked upon him, never answered him. At length the pride of the father and of the king was aroused. He led his son to the door of his house, and said to him, "wilt thou yield and submit to me?"

The youth answered not.

"Begone, then!" exclaimed Periandee in a rage, "leave my house, I am not thy father!"

The son, without reply, passed into the street, and walked away.

"Shall I submit to my son?" said Periandee softly to himself. "No, I will estrange myself forever from him."

He now learned from his elder son the last conversation of Lycophon with Procles. His heart felt a strong emotion, but his pride obtain-

ed the victory over his conscience. He sent orders to the friends of his son, who had received him, to exclude him from their houses. Lycophon wandered about Corinth, rejected by all, but returned no answer when he was advised to be reconciled to his father. At length a friend of his grandfather took him into his habitation, and with him he lived in melancholy privacy.

"The vengeance of the gods!" said Medon—"The insolence of a madman!" said Periandee; and heralds, by his order, throughout Corinth proclaimed, That whosoever should receive into his house Lycophon, the son of Periandee, or only speak to him a single word, should forfeit all his property to Apollo.

Lycophon heard the proclamation of the herald, and silently left the house of his friend, and went into the forum, under the porticoes. There he remained without speaking, without changing his habit, almost without shelter, and without food for three days.

Every hour Periandee hoped the pride and stubbornness of his son would yield. But it was the father's pride which was compelled to yield. On the fourth day, Periandee went to the portico under which his son remained, and found Lycophon lying on the ground almost exhausted with grief and hunger. His pale countenance was sunk on his breast, and his dim eyes fixed on the earth. When Periandee saw him, his proud heart felt the severest pang. With heavy sighs he stood by the side of Lycophon, and long surveyed him with looks of compassion.

"Oh my son!" at length said he in the mild voice of entreaty—"Oh my son, the gods are just, but thou, thou art unjust towards me and towards thyself. Yes, I did the deed which excites thy horror and thy indignation; but shall the son be the avenger of the mother on his sister? I entreat thee, come into my house. Thou hast felt what the anger of a father is; now come and learn how happy thou mayest live with me. Answer me, my son—answer me!" cried he louder. "Answer me, wretch!" at length exclaimed he, with furious rage.

With feeble voice the son replied, "Thy property is forfeited to Apollo, since thou hast spoken to the unfortunate son of Melissa."

The father considered this as an insolent taunt.

"May my eyes never see thee more, abominable wretch!" cried he with fury, and departed. Lycophon laid his faint head upon the stones waiting the stroke of death, and thus continued till evening—for no Corinthian dared to receive him into their house. But at midnight, a youth of Corcyra, named Agathon, came to him under the porticoes, and brought him food. He gently raised his feeble head, revived him with bread and wine, and bedewed him with tears of the tenderest compassion. Lycophon, animated with new strength, raised himself, reclined his head on the breast of his friend, while his heart united to him in the bands of eternal friendship.

On a sudden they heard, through the silence of the night, the footsteps of a female. This was Melissa, the sister of Lycophon. Agathon went to meet her. She took him for her brother, and threw herself, weeping, violently into his arms.

"Oh, my brother!" said she in a voice of the most poignant grief.

"I am not thy brother," answered Agathon and led her to the unhappy Lycophon.

"A stranger, my sister—Agathon has preserved my life—and my father—"

"Is irreconcilably enraged," replied Melissa. "Thou must die!"

"I will deliver him," said Agathon, and stretched out his hand as a pledge of his promise. Melissa pressed his hand to her heart.

"I will deliver thee, Lycophon," said the stranger again, "or I will die with thee."

Melissa, now overpowered with this generosity, threw herself into the arms of the stranger. They concerted together in what manner they should proceed; and Agathon then accompanied Melissa home.

"Where," said he to her, "shall I find you to inform you of the deliverance of your brother?"

"Every morning," said she, "I walk in the garden. At the entrance of a grove in it is the image of a fawn: there you will find me."

The following night Agathon again brought his friend food and wine. A ship was ready to sail for Corcyra, and only waited a favorable wind. The wind changed propitiously, and Agathon went to communicate the intelligence to Melissa. He soon found the grove she had pointed out to him, and entering it, met a female veiled. "Melissa," said he. She threw back the veil, and Agathon stood fast in delightful surprise.

In the temple of Neptune, on the festival of that deity, the youth had seen Melissa dance among other virgins. He had viewed her with fixed eyes, and felt the delicious force of love. Lost in a transport of admiration, he had forgotten to inquire her name, and suddenly she disappeared. Never again could he find her at any festival, or in any temple. From that time he had lived in Corinth, secluded and melancholy, till the unhappiness he suffered himself led him to succor the unhappy Lycophon.

"You! Is it you?" exclaimed he, when he now again saw her. "Oh ye benevolent, ye bountiful gods!—You!"

Trembling with joy he fell at her feet. Melissa was astonished at the agitation of Agathon, and viewed him with uneasiness.

"Was you not," asked she after some little reflection, "among the spectators at the festival of Neptune?"

"Yes, Melissa; and since that day, oh what have I not done again to obtain, if possible, a sight of you! O how anxiously wretched has been my life since that day!"

"But my brother—"

"Will go with me to day, or the following night to Corcyra. There he shall be my brother: a still more sacred bond now unites me to him; the purest love for his sister."

"Corcyra is subject to the authority of my father," said Melissa anxiously.

"Fear not, Melissa; he shall live in the most pleasant retirement, unknown, in the arms of the tenderest friendship; and if the gracious gods incline thy heart to accept my vows, in the arms of the most faithful love, in thine and my

He took the hand of Melissa, and
 "Save my brother," said Melissa with tender
 agitation, "and then."—she was silent and
 blushed.

"Then! Oh what then?" asked Agathan
 eagerly.

"Then he shall live in the arms of the most
 faithful affection!"

(To be Continued.)

DREADFUL CASUALTY!

AN unfortunate man, who was before deeply
 intoxicated with liquor, gained admittance into
 a public house, near Cork, and having drank an
 additional half pint of whiskey, sat down by the
 kitchen-fire, from whence it was found impos-
 sible to remove him. The owner of the house
 humanely offered him to remain there during
 the night; but, on coming down early the next
 morning to look after his strange guest, he found
 that the wretched man, during his state of in-
 sensibility, had actually burned his leg off, nor
 did he awake till the fire approached the pan of
 his knee!—The reader will be glad to hear that
 the leg was—a wooden one.

ON GENEROSITY.

WHY is he who possesses generosity, more of-
 fended at the want of it in another, than he
 who does not possess generosity? Not from
 the advantage that might accrue in himself; for,
 from the very principles of his generosity, he
 wishes for any personal advantage less. The
 generous man, then, must wish others to act
 generously towards him for their own sake, not
 his.

KEEN RETALIATION.

A young gentleman, who had quarrelled with
 a lady to whom he paid his addresses, was so im-
 prudent as to threaten, that he would publish the
 letters that she had written him. "That," she
 replied, "would be really vexatious; for though
 I need not be ashamed of their contents, I certainly
 ought to be ashamed of their direction!"

ON TIME.

IT is a ludicrous kind of thought, yet certainly
 a true one, that poets and painters have hith-
 erto given us a false representation of Time, as
 the measure of duration, by drawing him an
 old man; they should paint him middle-aged;
 for if he has always existed? and is not every
 point of duration, however distant from the pre-
 sent, equally the middle of eternity?

ANECDOTE.

WHEN the son of a certain London Banker
 had eloped to Scotland with a great heiress,
 whom he married, still retaining a paternal state
 for his own, he objected to the demand of two
 guineas made by the rectory at Gretna Green,
 stating that captain—, had reported the canon-
 ical charge to be only five shillings! "True,"
 replied Vulcan; "but capt.—, is an Irish-
 man, and I have already married him five times,
 so I consider him as a good customer; but per-
 haps I may never see your face again."

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON HAPPINESS.

WHERE can true happiness, *twice of an alley,*
Within the circle of mankind be found?
 Where can felicity and lasting joy
 Be sweetly proved in one concluded round?

Is it where numerous crowds assembled meet,
 To pass the hours in jovial mirth and glee;
 When with vain raptures high the heart doth beat,
 And when the moments fast unheeded flee?

Is it when passing round the mantling bowl,
 The passions high, on Pleasure's panting sears;
 When joyful Mirth pervades the social soul,
 And thousand pools of laughter loudly roar?

Is it in affluence of pomp and state,
 In grandeur, luxury, or splendid courts,
 In lofty habitations of the great
 Or where the gaudy sons of pride resort?

Ah no!—but if on earth 'tis to be found,
 'Tis in the enjoyment of a real friend;
 If with the sons of men it doth abound,
 'Tis in pure friendship, which can never end.

But 'tis not here, 'tis not below the skies,
 'Tis only to be found in Heaven above;
 True happiness, with unextinguish'd joys,
 Dwells only in the realms of bliss and love.

Then set not thy affections, O frail man!
 On this vain world, replete with sinful gloom;
 Consider that this life is but a span,
 And seek for happiness 'bout lives beyond the tomb.

J. W. J.

SOLILOQUY.

By tempests toss'd upon the sea of life,
 My little bark is driving to and fro;
 With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,
 Nor can decide the doubtful course I go.

Conquering passions are the storms that rise,
 And error's darkness cloud the mental rays;
 The lamp of reason seldom guides the skies
 With lustre equal to direct my way.

An hour will come, when storms will cease;
 The darkness fly, and rising suns appear;
 My bark be shelter'd in the port of Peace,
 And ride eternal at an anchor there.

VERSES

On seeing a Lady in tears over her child,

THE lily droops her lovely head,
 O'ercharg'd with dew her peony leaves;
 The florist views her laurel fade,
 And for his fallen favourite grieves.

So, Mira, o'er her lifeless child,
 Bends her sweet form with streaming eye;
 To grasp a prey, and anguish wild,
 From her soft bosom bursts the sigh.

Yet, beautiful Mira, cease to mourn!
 Thy little charge, thy infant dove,
 Ascends, on scroph pinions borne,
 To share a more than mother's love.

REFINED DELICACY.

A TALE.

Concluded.

MATILDA seemed not to have hesitated a
 moment between the pleasing Belville and dis-
 pleasing herself; nay, she found that to be pleas-
 ing, which she saw to be meritorious; or, rather,
 she found that to be pleasing to herself,
 which she thought would be pleasing to Bel-
 ville. How concealing! how lovely! Belville
 could not help seeing this alteration in Matilda.
 "What," (says he,) has Matilda's superior dis-
 cernment and virtue, corrected defects which
 others want faculties to see? it is very strange;
 no one could have told her that they suit me,
 for I never told it to any one." One evening
 Matilda was sitting with Belville, "Tell me,"
 says she, "has there been nothing through the
 day that has displeased Belville? Ah, tell me if
 there has; for your approbation is to me much
 preferable to my own!" "Dear Matilda," (re-
 plied he,) whence such a doubt? The truest, the
 most efficacious method of giving me pleasure,
 is to receive it yourself; and believe me, Matilda,
 there is no better mark of having done right,
 than the very doubt of having done wrong. But
 of doing wrong thou art incapable; and mayest
 thou ever enjoy the reward of thy tenderness
 and generosity?" Belville—see the strange ef-
 fects of delicacy!—he who had been hurt by
 what he thought something of a defect in Matilda,
 grew now more uneasy at its removal, the
 very thing he had desired: it seemed to him
 if he had been guilty of some involuntary in-
 approach, some indecency of carriage to his be-
 loved Matilda. He grew melancholy. Matilda—
 she who was happy only by his happiness—saw
 it, and resolved to mention it. "Belville,"
 (said she,) the great the only joy of my life, is
 to see you easy and happy. I fear you have
 something within your breast that affects you.
 O could I remove it!" "Dear Matilda," (said he,)
 every transport, every endearment that I expe-
 rience, comes from you; every pain must pro-
 ceed from you; and while I am sure you have
 no pain, I have none: But I am not worthy thy
 goodness!" "Alas!" (said Matilda,) I have in-
 deed to do offend you, and perhaps still more my-
 self. A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes;
 and as the two lovers had often caught from
 each other the tenderness of joy, so did they
 now the anguish of grief. As soon as they found
 words, they insensibly proceeded to the original
 delicacy of the distress, and each renewed a
 mutual sorrow, occasioned by that of the other.
 It seemed as if all the natural self-love of the
 human mind was increased with these two per-
 sons; but that each was intrusted with the por-
 tion belonging to the other. The contest was
 not which should gain most, but which should
 concede most; and nothing could be so real, or
 so endearing, as the mutual confidence which
 each reposed in the other. "Ah, Matilda can
 I thus have tormented thee?" (said Belville.)
 "Ah, Belville," (said she,) can I have been thy
 unworthy?" "Name not the soul that lives but
 for thee." "My faults," (said she,)—Name
 them not; I cannot bear the sound: Name them
 not, my dearest Matilda, as thou lovest my be-
 ing." Belville was ashamed, confounded and
 shocked; he considered every constitutional
 cast, every bent, every disposition, of Matilda
 as so much celestial perfection; nay, the very
 things he had wished a little changed in his
 eyes; and clasping his dear Matilda in his
 arms, "I loved thee (said he) for thy perfec-
 tions; I adore thee, be they real or imaginary,
 for thy imperfections."

STANZAS

From the French.

*FAIR Iris, if, of Time the rage,
Upon my changing form you see;
Remember, nymph, that, at my age,
But little better you will be.*

*The hand of time, as on he goes,
E'en in the fairest forms we trace;
With the same ease he'll blight you rose
As he has furrowed o'er my face.*

*And Time, that saw my days begin,
Has also fixed your destiny;
What you are now, I too have been,
And you, as I am now, will be.*

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

*MY fair one, to prove that her passion was true,
Entreat'd this sweet garland, and gave it to me;
She pluck'd off the thorns, and she kiss'd off the dew,
And she bound it with leaves from the green willow tree.*

*"Accept it," she said, and the blushes of youth
Arose, as she placed the sweet gift on my brow;
"Accept it," she said, "as a pledge of my truth."
While I sunk on her bosom, and breath'd out a vow.*

*Oh, roses! why drop your sweet heads to the ground,
Oh, lilies! why quickly than fly your perfume?
And you, my carnations, oh! why are you found
Devoid of all fragrance and beauty, and bloom?*

*But, perish!—when I my Sophia shall see,
No longer, thus anxious, your charms shall I seek;
For she! all perfection and sweetness to me,
And the lily and rose ever bloom on her cheek.*

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 1, 1805.

Twenty-nine Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 24th inst.

On Tuesday night, May 21st, an attempt was made to rob the Exchange Bank in Providence, R. I. the villains broke a back door, and got into the entry; whither they found the door leading to the bank room too strong to be forced, or were apprehensive of detection, does not appear—but they went off without accomplishing their purpose. Had the bank room been entered, they would not have found any booty, and the door of the vault must have presented insuperable difficulties, as without interruption they could not have passed this massy barrier in less than twenty four hours.

PROVIDENCE, May 18.

On Saturday last during the thunder storm, the house of Daniel Sprague, Esq. of Johnstown, was struck by lightning, and his son, Ethan Sprague, (who was sitting in the kitchen with a child in his arms) received so severe a shock that his life is despaired of. The child escaped unhurt, as well as the rest of the family—but considerable damage was done to the house.

A slight shock of an Earthquake, is said to have been felt at Portsmouth, on the 12th instant, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

The following singularly interesting narrative is from a respectable correspondent.

"On Sunday the 23d of February, a girl between 9 and 10 years of age, with her brother, who was about 7 years old, returning from the head of Grenada, over the Strathlachlan mountains to their parents at Maclochlan Park. They had not travelled far when a most violent snow storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, commenced, and continued but with very short intervals during the two following nights and days. The snow in a short time completely covered the footpath which leads across the mountains, so that the children wandered off the common path; and by the close of the day the boy was quite overcome by the fury of the storm and the cold, exposed to which the poor creatures lay down for the night, the girl doing her utmost to shelter her little brother. As soon as day-light came, she roused the boy, and prevailed on him to proceed. They wandered about in the mountains the whole of Sunday, entirely ignorant where they were, or in what direction they should go, the boy frequently dropping down, exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The sister says it was with much difficulty she could keep him awake; but that she herself did not close her eyes during the three days and two nights they were on the mountains;—that she continually wept, calling upon God's name. They passed Sunday night as the preceding; and were so weak on Monday, that neither could move nor cry out, for the girl once saw a grown up brother of her's within a very short distance, but she found herself quite incapable to get up or call loud enough to be heard.

"On the Monday evening the poor creatures at the last gasp were providentially discovered by one of the Strathlachlan people, who, to the number of 160, were the whole day in search of them. The girl had a ham in her charge, of which her starving brother often pressed her to let him take a bite, but she would not allow him to touch it, making him chew the leather, as she herself did. All the way the girl carried a favorite pup about her neck, which she thinks greatly helped to keep her and her brother alive during the nights as it covered the neck and breast of both completely. When urged that she must have slept, she said that she did not close her eyes the whole time, fearing much that the pup would eat the ham; the poor children are perfectly recovered from the hardships they underwent."

[Greenock paper.]

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,
SILK, COTTON & WOOLEN DYER, AND
CALICO GLAZIER,
NO. 56 BEAVER-STREET.

FOUR DOORS FROM WILLIAM-STREET.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Satins, all kinds of Damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of Gentleman's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel's hair Shawls cleaned and rendered. He has also erected a Hot Calender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed Furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing Blue upon cotton and linen; Dyers Stuffs for sale.

COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN Reason takes Love's willing hand,
And Hymen joins the sacred band,
Then, only then, the price we give,
For which the wise may wish to live.

MARRIED.

On Thursday the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. Abraham Lott, of Flatbush, to Miss Maria Lott, of Flatbush, daughter of the late Col. Lott.

On Saturday the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. William O'Brien, Mr. Dennis Leechan, to Miss Anna Sullivan, sister to D. Sullivan, merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Phoenix, Mr. John McLeary, to Miss Elizabeth Southwell, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Philip S. Sage, to Miss Ann Crow, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 16th ult. at the Bourdan Furnace, in Kentucky, by the Rev. Mr. Cochran, George Yellow, Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss Dickia Burrell, late of New-York.

Lately, at Limerick, Thomas Kelly, aged eighty-nine years, to Bridget Meddigan, aged fourteen years.

MORTALITY.

SUCH is destiny of all on earth,
So flourishes and fades majestic man.

DIED.

At Amsterdam, on the 15th February last, Mrs. JOHANNA M. BOHLEN, wife of Mr. B. Bohlen, merchant, of Philadelphia, and daughter of the late Mr. Philip Oswald, of this city.

At Washington, Mr. JOSEPH HODGSON, Chief Justice of Canada.

At Martha-Brac, Jamaica, Mr. ANDREW WATSON.

Mr. John Foster, of Banham, Cambridge-shire; by whose demise, property to the amount of nearly £2000. per ann. devolves, as next akin, to a poor labouring man resident in Benham.

REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL MCGREANE,

No. 9 BROAD-STREET.

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, that he continues to receive Commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

* A few Servants on the Books, well recommended. May 25, 1805. 855, it.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
A large supply of the best Holland QUILLS, by the thousand, hundred or quarter.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

Missing, five fashionable table-spoons, marked I. M. H. also one large old fashioned soup spoon, mark unknown. The above reward will be given if returned at this office, and no questions asked. May 18, 1805.

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.
A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST
RHEUMATIC OINTMENT.

TO LET.

A ready furnished ROOM, enquire at No. 44 Barclay-Street.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE COTTAGE CHILDREN.

HEAVEN bless you, ye sweet little sons of the hut!

Why startle and run from your play, boys?
Do the sound and the sight of a stranger affright?
Then surely but few come this way, boys.

Yet sweet is your cottage, that stands all alone,
And smooth is the sward of your vale, boys;
And clear is each crook of the wimpling brook
That bids it each moment farewell, boys.

And high are the hills that inclose you around,
Where your flocks ever peacefully feed, boys;
And blue is the sky that attracts your young eye
As it rests on the green mountain's head, boys.

Here meek Meditation might love to reside,
To silence and solitude given;
And, calm as they glide, might their moments divide
Between her mild home and the heaven.

Ah children! but small is this valley of yours,—
Is this all the world that you know, boys?
Yet behind that high mound lies a world without bound,

But, alas! 'tis a world full of woe, boys.

From the height of the hill, looking onward afar,
The landscape may charm by its smile, boys;
But approach it more near, it will rugged appear,
And best is each scene with a toil, boys.

Then quit not your cottage, ye sons of the wild!
And still of your valley be fond, boys;
For what do you lose but a myriad of woes,
By knowing not what is beyond, boys!

Let the moss-covered seat and the shade of the thorn,
Which was dear to your fathers, be thine, boys,
And the hut that now rears your infantine years,
Let it shield too your hoary decline, boys.

And sleep with your fathers, how soothing the thought,
When the sunset of life is gone by, boys!
Give your clay to the sod, and your souls to the God
Who dwells in yon azure sky, boys.

Heaven bless you, ye sweet little sons of the hut!
Why startle and run from your play, boys?
Do the sound and the sight of a stranger affright?
Then surely but few come this way, boys.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late French war in Italy, a soldier being almost naked, had the confidence to ask his commandant for a new coat. "A new coat!" exclaimed the General! "surely, my good fellow, you are not aware that a new coat, would quite conceal your honourable wounds!"

ACADEMY.

No. 37 ROOSEVELT-STREET.

THE Subscribers have this day opened their ACADEMY as above. Duty forbids how delicate and important persons fully consider the charge committed to us, that ever be our ambition to evince that their confidence is not misplaced.

A morning school will commence on the first of May.
S. MOOR,
I. McKEN,
April, 27 1854. 831st

MORALIST.

LIBERALITY.

IMPARTED fortune, and well-placed liberality, may procure the benefactor good-will, may load the person obduged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate: this is gratitude; and simple gratitude, uninteracted with love, is all the return an ingenious mind can bestow for former benefits.

MR. TURNER.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street, to No. 25 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. His ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And to meet in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved infallible, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his situation in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 25 Park, where may be had his ANTICORRUBTIVE TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been confidently esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both old and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural beautiful appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fall in their sockets, the breath imparts a delicious sweetness, and that defective accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented.

THE TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waters Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane March 9, 1854. 843 st.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM CARGILL.

Public Sealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards. No. 450 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and Silver iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures of a variety of Japanese, Swiss, and hollow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and tested at a short notice. March 16, 1853. 843 st.

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,
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G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library. The collection now, edited, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues, delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and Stationary. March 23, 1854.

MILENARY

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his Store, No 219 William Street, where, he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorn, and Paper Boots as usual, whole sale and retail.

April 27. 831st.

N. SMITH.

Chemical Perfumes from London, at the New York Hair Dresser and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rule) No 214 Broadway opposite the City Hotel. Ladies Hair Brushes, &c. Elastic Wigs and Curled Hair.

Smith's purified Chemical Colman's Wash Ball, for improving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 81. each.

Smith's Chemical Abbrigator Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that add all the having apparatus complete in a small compass.

Quinine of Ropes for fastening bottles.

Waxes and palm soap, at per quart.

Smith's improved Crymsted Book of Rules for well known for clearing the skin from heat, pimples, eruptions, &c. has not its equal for preserving the skin in extreme old age, and is very true for gentlemen after shaving, with pointed directions, 61, 81 and 121. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Poudre de Grief, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 41. and 81 per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 11. and 61 per pot.

Violet, double tinted Rose 41. and 61.

Smith's Lavynette royal paste, for washing the face making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only at Smith's, with directions, 41 and 81 per pot do. pale.

Smith's chemical Denture Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 41. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented, Waxes and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes. Almond powder for the face, 81 lb.

Smith's Circulo Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chemical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 41 per box.

* * * THE best warranted Cosmece Cases, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Perfumery, Scissors, Toilettes, &c. Ivory, and Hair Combs. Superior white Birch Shaving Brushes, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is in the sale with imported perfumery. [T] Great allowance to those who buy to full gain.

Ladies and Gentlemen pocket books.

LITERATURE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Bunker Street as usual, and will open another the first of May at that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard Street, now occupied by Mr. Whiggin. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and respectfully discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality, and the civil department of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several general boarders, the house being very roomy and therewith a beautiful yard of five hundred covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds, &c. upon the most reasonable terms.

Apr 7, 831st

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